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PARASITE

PARASITE

DRIVEN TO KILL
Gary C. King
Pinnacle books

DODD

MURDER BY NUMBER
CNN Video
One CNN Center/7th Floor, S. Tower/Atlanta, GA 30303

MONSTERS AMONG US
Frontline Video
WGBH TV/125 Western Avenue/Boston, MA 02134

You have to know where to look. And you have to know how to look.

How lucky you are. How lucky to possess the actual pictures as well as the reality behind them. How rare and singularly important this information, these photos are. You couldn't ask for a clearer picture -you couldn't ask for any more information. You can't ask.

You've got everything right there. All in one, all together, all inside and personal and real. And there will be a moment of weak, ugly lust that, unlike all the times before when you're left weaker.and dirtier and hungrier and all alone, will this time raise your pounding fleshy chest high and deep into the back of your blurry eyes and cut everything you see, everything you are, into full busy running, bleeding colors and humming, vibrating intensities that chew and prick your brain and face and knees and cock and asshole and stomach apart and back together and then leave you; more.

More of everthing: More real. More truth. But sated. Implaccable. Impervious yet fluid and relenting. More you. More of you.

Westley Allan Dodd was arrested on November 13, 1989. He was executed on January 5, 1993. And the circus that came to town between those two dates delivered much more than just the greatest show on earth. This circus set up tents with long steel spikes set deeper into the earth than ever before and the clowns, ringmasters and performers all huddled together, pushed their fangs in, and dug deeper still. It wasn't the size of the circus. It was the quality. The dedication. The resonant truth behind the need for delivery. To make good on a promise. A dream made flesh. A dream made intransigent. A dream no longer a dream but a lucid reality. A breathing, thinking, loving mass.

Westley murdered three little boys. He molested many more. He exposed himself to them. He had them touch him. He touched, sucked, fucked them. He raped their lifeless bodies and had plans to do even more. He kept a vivid,

The question is do you get what you pay for. And when the answer is no, and the emphasis is on get rather than pay, where do you go -what do you do with the ...impulse?

An ugly black whore opens her thrift store junkie jacket and displays just one disgusting water-heavy flabby tit to you.

"C'mon feel ma' boobie -keep ya'll horny all day. C'mon back when ya wanna blow job"

Big fat gross pig with her mama dug hanging out and alcohol burning from her low ape eyes and droopy flat meat lips. This beast has a price. A simple offer.

And you just want a blow job.

Or you want to fuck some hole.

Some tight black hole with a thick dry lipsticked tongue.

Or some bug crawling gristled wirey black cunt.

Or any flesh, anywhere.

Or her in particular.

A bucket.

It all depends on what you want. You know it doesn't matter what she does. The way she moves, talks, moans, flatters, farts, barks

anally precise diary and he took photos. He kept newspaper articles.

From jail he wrote letters to the papers, he wrote a pamphlet "When You Meet A Stranger" designed to protect children from people like him and he eagerly granted interviews. He expressed remorse for what he had done but was resolute in his desire to do it again. He was possessed by a reasonably analytical mind that gave way to a dark existential character, resigned to his lusts and his fate.

One of Dodd's interviews were broadcast on CNN over two nights after his execution. It was included as part of their "Murder By Numbers" newspecial. Now collected, re-edited and released as a 116 minute home video, CNN celebrates it's existence as the best cable channel ever conceived by delivering the goods for posterity. Drawing on it's monstrous cache' of newsfootage and prime access, the CNN editors have pieced together interviews with murderers, psychiatrists, neurologists, FBI and Police investigators, university professors, authors (Ann Rule and Jack Olsen among them), criminologists, forensic psychologists, anthropologists, even fans and held them together with concise, knowledgeable (albeit coy) and informative reporting.

And, of course, there's nothing new as regards motive, reasoning, morals and the usual ostensive designs behind these broadcasts. But the scope is impressive.

CNN films Dodd and lets him speak. Moody close-ups and irritating voice overs can't dilute his exceptionally personal revelations and descriptions. His introspection. His confusion.

Dodd relates what he did to his three young murder victims in a cool and measured, somewhat dispassionate but not unemotional manner. His remorse, he says, is especially keen when he recalls one of the victims telling him "I'm sorry" just before Dodd stabbed him. Also, his youngest victim, four year old Lee Joseph Iseli, spat back "Oh no you're not" in reply to Dodd's whispering "I'm going to kill you in the morning" into the boy's tiny little ear.

MURDER BY NUMBERS is more than just the Westley Allan Dodd show, though it does function as a showcase for him. He's such a rare breed that he stands deftly away and alone of the rest included here. But there is a good supporting cast. Almost exclusively American (save a brief mention of Andrei Chikatilo and Jack The Ripper) Gacy, Williams, Ramirez and Wournos are here only peripherally, while Dahmer, Bundy, Brudos and The Green River Killer receive just a little bit more spotlight. The main focus is left to Dodd, Robert Long, Donald Harvey and Christine Faller.

Now, certainly, Christine Faller ("the baby Sitter killer" who strangled six babies) and Donald Harvey ("the angel of death" who confessed to killing eighty-six patients under his nursing care by poison) are hardly the sort of high excitement you're longing for. But Christine's white trash adopted/abused background -including an interview with her mama- and Donald's cold, bizarre sexuality prove very entertaining in fact. And Dodd's amazing feats should in no way detract from Robert Long's exciting performance: interviews with detectives in his

or bleats.

'Cause she is nothing.

And there is so much walking dead around. And there is so much money. And you're not really looking for all that much. The price of a promise can't be weighed. It's immaterial. The equation boils down to -simply- just how well do you understand, and control, the impulse. Just what is it that you want but don't need. How much will extra cost?

"One boy's triumphant story" is the subtitle of A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE (Crown). Written by fourteen year old Anthony Godby Johnson, A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE is his autobiography: abused by his parents 'til he was eleven, Tone -as his friends know him, or Tone-bob -as his "Pop" knows him, escapes into the protective, caring arms of a racially mixed couple and finds the true meaning behind the only word that really matters -love. Even though he's dying of AIDS, even when he was being beaten and fucked and sold by his parents, even when his friends died of alienation, drugs or suicide, and even when his new "Mom and Pop" fell in love with each other after coming together to help him, and when he found that he was "not an object of shame, but a portrait of pride. I hold my head high and say my name aloud":

be approached dispassionately, in the same way it can't be seen without investigating and understanding basic and revolutionary tenets of science and philosophy. Her case became a feeding frenzy for linguists and psycholinguists eager to confirm theories thought impossible to prove without the use of unethical human experiments.

One book details the experiments.

The other the circus.

Both are inseparable.

Genie is not her real name, but the name used to protect her identity for all these years. She was discovered when she was nearly fourteen years old when her nearly blind mother stole her away from her father's clutches. More real white trash shit. Except with a brutal and amazing new twist.

Genie, between the ages of two and thirteen and a half, was kept in a single room with nothing on the walls except two covered up windows. She was kept strapped to a potty seat and could only move her fingers and toes. At night she was unharnessed and strapped into a functional straightjacket of a crib covered in wire mesh. No one talked to her. Her father would allow only very limited contact between the child and her mother and another older son. She was fed by having baby food violently shoved in her face. She was punished and beat for making noise. She only had two plastic raincoats hung in a closet to look at, and once in a great while, she was allowed to play with a used thread spool or torn TV guide. Her father made growling and barking noises at her from outside the door to her room. He scratched her and beat her with wood.

Genie's story is the struggle for her and her doctors, foster parents and scientists to try and find some semblance of sense as well as help in her most incredible plight. She was totally incontinent. Covered herself in spit and mucous. Hid her shit. Masturbated constantly. Was scared to death of dogs, even became panic stricken around a photo of a wolf. She made no sounds, just a very soft whimper or squeak. Sobbed and cried silently. Could only see the ten or so yards to the end of her room. And so much more.

The Rymer book is the more "human" of the two. Susan Curtiss' book is a reprint of her University Of California thesis in neurolinguistics. It's data and experiments and details every move and utterance as Genie first learned how to communicate in her early years of freedom. Rymer picks up where Curtiss refuses to go and presents an engaging picture of scientists and doctors and their organic discoveries and ever-evolving theories, as well as their professional selfishness, petty jealousies, parasitic lack of responsibility, and phony, exploitive attempts at "help".

Genie now lives in a home for mentally retarded adults: "A bumbling woman with a facial expression of cowlike incomprehension."

Hers is a truly remarkable life of excruciating torture and it's eternal recurrence, both physical and metaphysical, that lies beneath the tasteless, selfish veneer of love and concern.

respect and the most ridiculously cheezy morals this side of a TV sit-com can get you through it.

Get you through what exactly?

Why would this progressive-schooled child not delegate the same care he uses to pry apart the mechanizations of his misfit friends to that of the people who, we are only to vaguely understand, had the greatest effect on his first eleven years?

And though a case could be made for such a young boy -just about to die, faced with scary uncertainty and knowing only pain previously- cleaning up everything fairy-tale style and desperately trying to cling to some warmth or hope (which would be very charming); rather what you find is you don't give a fuck what a fourteen year old thinks about Murphy Brown and Northern Exposure, dying of AIDS or not.

Unfortunately, without proof or details, one is led to the conclusion that the boy was numb to the pain before it even started. If and when it started. Maybe he did deserve it.

Or maybe he needs to get hit harder next time.

Or someone needs to shut the fucking TV off.

Or that pig should tuck that beastial bag away now that we've moved down the block to the one with the scars.

A blow job in the dark isn't a blow job

her "you can make that go away".

Martin Bell tells us "she's tough, she fights and she can be extremely vulnerable". Mary Ellen Mark tells us "up till now she's survived. But that could change any moment" and "I wish I could feel more optimistic. Isn't she someone special? Don't you want her to survive?" We also hear from Tiny's mother, social worker, and Aunt Katie, the kids' keeper who pulled the little ones out of foster care.

Koppel asks Tiny about hustling, drugs, jail, her dead prostitute friend and hopes for the future.

"Still young", Tiny says. And she's glad she's got friends like Bell and Mark.

Martin and Mary Ellen took what they saw in Seattle again and again and turned it into the full length fictionalized film AMERICAN HEART. Romantic, touching, dark and oh so fucking real life man, AMERICAN HEART is like a two hour Bruce Springsteen song. We see child prostitutes, bums, a character based on LuLu -the bull dyke from STREETWISE, the squat hotel (also from STREETWISE) and, as the advance publicity lets us know, "the inclusion of more than five hundred homeless street people and transients as film extras". Jeff Bridges is an ex-con, Edward Furlong is his kid who needs to bond and the streets are too tough for love. Really.

Mary Ellen makes her presence felt in VOICES FROM THE FUTURE, a book written by the kids from Children's Express containing nothing but interviews with street and problem kids.

Ms Mark contributes photos to the project. Some featuring characters from STREETWISE and published previously in her photo book from the movie by Aperture. The photos are the best part. 'Girl With Track-Marked Hands' is new, as is an untitled quiet moment at the pool with child, make-up and cigarette. And 'Skinheads'.

Most of the kids interviewed for the book are victims of neglect and parental (not necessarily sexual) abuse. Most of the interviews are typical heart-tuggers with dark edges and dirty faces. Real 'Neath the tears, there's hope, or alternatively, Under the grime, there's a gritty truth, or maybe, It's too late for them, but not for us to learn from them, type bullshit.

The kids blame their parents. The young editors blame their parents and offer irritating PC opinions ("I had alot of respect for Jose' because he really wants to educate people, to make them realize that homosexuals are people too"). Too many gang stories. Too many drugs. Too little child sexual abuse. Too many thieves and lay-abouts and wastes. Too many misfits. Some people shouldn't have kids. Some people have bad luck. Some journalist students are protected and safe and could do better than to hang around Youth Drop In Centers, Mental Asylums, Gay Youth Help Programs and the like. Kinda nice to spot the difference a little luck makes though.

Not all abuse has to be sexual.

Genie's is an extraordinary case of extreme abuse at the hands of a psychopathic father.

Genie's story is splayed between two very remarkable books. Her case is so special and phenomenal that it can't will forever feel. And how much his friend and his protectors hate his abusers.

And as we learn nothing about these tormentors, and the physical torment, it is assumed that Tony also learned nothing. Despite his pontificating on absolutely everything else from TV to teen sex without love, to his hero Martin Luther King, and Quayle and Bush's attitudes towards gays, Tony never reaches into his past and makes sense of it.

We learn that his parents "thrived on pain, particularly when it had to do with children, and even traded one another's children around to participate in bizarre rituals. To strip away a child's soul gave them pleasure and a sense of power."

His mother and father sold him to Jake when he was eight years old.

He didn't have a bed to sleep in.

Spearmint gum only takes the taste of dick away for a little while.

His parents beat and raped him and blamed him for making them do it.

And little else.

Instead, Tony fills his autobiography with his impressions of how messed up the world is, with his parents as constant evil shadows, and his friends and acquaintances as examples of just how bad it is these days. And how love and

case ("you can still smell the bodies"), a bitter victim kidnapped and raped for thirty-six hours ("at least seven times"), his mother and, especially, Long himself, make his turn frustratingly short. A shot of a disgusted Long spitting at and then taunting a news camera should be more than enough to convince any viewer of this man's special worth.

What's more, there is a wonderful preponderance of the victim here. Which, ultimately, is what will make or break any medium based on murder -that is, the act that everything stems from. And which saves this video from being just another same old same old, talking head, shock-horror, cartoon parade that you knew all about before you even flicked the TV on.

"He started beating my head on the concrete" says Sharon Wood of her struggle with torture-murderer Jerome Brudos. Interviews are even included with family members of Dodd's victims. Justin, Lee'Iseli's brother, and Bob, Lee's father, tell their side of the story. Mr. Iseli dismissing Dodd's remorse by remembering that his son was "used as someone's playtoy".

What Bob Iseli means by "playtoy" can be clearly seen by pausing your VCR during one incredible scene in the Frontline special "Monsters Among Us". There, in between a shot of a reporter looking through Dodd's collection of writings, photos and what-not, and another of him stomping out of camera disgusted and overwrought, is a full screen shot of little naked Lee Iseli hanging strangled and dead by a belt in Dodd's closet. Also on display are five nude shots (small Lee, hands behind his head, looking back at Dodd by the foot of the bed, scared, confused, his little penis bent up, very alone) and a couple clothed, grimaced, close-ups as well. Additionally, Lee's four year old underpants wrapped neatly into an evidence bag and stored back in Dodd's suitcase are removed for perusal. Which is a nice touch.

Frontline's work here, is more an expose' on Seattle's recent and daring sexual predator laws. Other than Dodd, who is featured as someone who slipped through the cracks in the system, two nameless but not unentertaining rapists are featured. Both are receiving therapy and have precious abusive backgrounds. Typical. But a good story.

MONSTERS AMONG US is well worth obtaining. On it's own, it's another amazing piece of Dodd's history and an even closer look into the physicality of his fetishes. It is, in fact, an amazing piece of his fetishism. And although it's everything you really ever needed, as an adjunct to "Driven To Kill", the only full length book on Dodd, it becomes a pornographic masterpiece. A nation of lonely bedroom sadists need yearn no more.

And since writing to Iran is near impossible these days....

As part of the true crime paperback rush, one could be excused for thinking DRIVEN TO KILL is just more of the same -annoying, badly writtn, poorly researched cheese shat out by sweat shop hacks with no more access than their newspaper collections and cop buddies. As nice a trend as those books make, it would be a disaster if the one on Dodd was relegated to their number. Dodd, with all his

our Tone stayed true to his wonderful, giving, totally compassionate and rational fourteen year old soul.

Tone is that rare portrait of a little boy who remained unchanged by the incredible turmoil around his short life. After being diagnosed with AIDS, Tone's best buddy in the whole wide world asks him if he still likes the world. Tony, of course, said he did. And his best friend, who suffered from extreme parental neglect and abuse himself and was soon to die of strychnine laced crack, replied "I'll never understand you."

And neither will you.

Because Tony doesn't let you in on anything but his sparkling childish innocence. Throughout the book you find out so much about his little girl friend who saved mice from mousetraps 'cause of her animal rights luv-conviction, his little retarded friend who loved basesball and needed Tone's protection from the evil uncaring neighborhood bullies, the old man who didn't want to be called names, the honest all-knowing street busker, the apartment house porter turned homeless bum, and every other embarrassing, bittersweet stereotype that Tony can employ to tell you more about his saintliness and even-tempered good nature. Tony, if we

documentation -telling as much as being the story- makes the low brow good taste ethos that creates brutal book covers, gory modesty-cropped photos and little content, nigh on impossible: Just too close to the bone.

So Gary C. King lets it fly. Of course, he says what's expected of him in the "Author's Note" regarding the need to show the entire horror, and his struggle with that decision and even goes so far to laud the new sexual predator laws. Thank fuck for his hypocrisy.

King rapes Dodd's diary for his plans:

> "When crotch fucking the ones to die, I'll clean the kid real well before killing, and deposit my sperm in something to remove it as 'forensic evidence'. When butt fucking, I'll use a well greased rubber (may fuck either way before or after they die depending on whether they're bloody or not). Some of them will be forced to perform certain acts on me."

his hopes:

> "I also want to do my medical experiments this time, once finished with sexual play on the body(ies). Also hoping for more, better pictures."

his actions:

> "oh -yeah- I knew for sure this morning he was dead. I'd heard of muscles relaxing and it's normal to "go potty" after dying -he peed on me twice as I hid his body in the closet, and once more on the shelf in the closet."

King interviews Dodd and the particulars (family, cops, etc.) for their memories. And uses forensic evidence as the proof in all. King lets Dodd and his police records recount the many previous molestations before murder and is absolutely unflinching in detail after graphic detail.

You too can now have it all. Aesthetics become unimportant after confirmation. Now you've got proof. All you have to do is look. And know. How lucky you are.

AMERICAN HEART
Directed by Martin Bell
1993, 113 min.

STREETWISE IN SEATTLE
NIGHTLINE (Sept. 16 & 17, 1993)
MPI Home Video
(1-800-ABC-9420)

ABUSE

VOICES FROM THE FUTURE
Children's Express/ Susan Goodwillie
Crown

GENIE
Russ Rymer
Harper Collins

GENIE--A PSYCHOLINGUISTIC STUDY OF A MODERN DAY "WILD CHILD"
Susan Curtiss
Academic Press

believe his opinions, seems a modern day Job loaded with the natural glow that only torture and degradation can bring. Which makes him as stupid and boring as any other god fearing, close-minded blockhead.

And at least Job filled you in on the details.

Can a book about child abuse, written by a fourteen year old, be too self-pitying? Does Tony tell us about his father shooting a brood of alley cats that he had grown attached to 'cause he wants us to know how mean the father is, the extent of his suffering, or just how much he cared about little fucking pests that can't take care of themselves?

One hates to sound jaded. Perhaps the little boy was born pure and remained so. Perhaps he is the real winner. A beacon in the dark. Perhaps those of us who would refuse to believe that a boy can actually come through the horrors that Tony did and still be such a good kid are wrong and blinded and ugly. It's weaklings like us who are the real self-pitying, self-loathing ones. Painted in cheap misanthropy and dwarfish alienation, we wrap ourselves in others' pain and degradation and we become upset if someone's strength of character refuses to conform to our own fragile assumptions and rationalizations.

With all the corpses around, it is odd that the vultures keep returning to the same old ones. Apparently, there's even more meat to be found on the old bones -they pick and chew until they're masticating only dust and air, but still they come and still they pick.

One particular species of vulture is the big greasy fat nosey one. This one's main attribute is his insistence on not only biting and removing the biggest chunks of carrion, but also in displaying the large portions of pulled meat like a trophy. Blood and viscera dripping from a human pound of flesh, the sweaty animal waves his knotty head around, shaking the beef back and forth for all the other vultures to admire. The vulture, now covered in the dead's mess, proceeds to throw the carcass down and around in the hot desert lights, pounds and grinds the meat with his beak and tosses it in our faces again and again. Rarely does it chew to swallow. That would be too prurient. Too damning. This vulture just wants to prod and play and investigate, covet and exhibit.

It doesn't look like he likes the look or smell of blood on his immaculate feathers. It must be so difficult to keep that finely detailed and manicured plumage so shiny and new, when one's nose is constantly in blood and tears and pain and dirt.

Mary Ellen Mark sits on the bed in a seedy motel in Seattle. Tiny sits next to her. Tiny's been up for three days and feeling the effects of her drug and drink binge.

Tiny doesn't look as cute as she did when Mary Ellen and her husband Martin Bell first shot her ten years ago for their film and book, both entitled STREETWISE. Tiny was a skinny fourteen year old street hooker then. Now she's a twenty-four year old street hooker. And ten years have added alot of weight along with bruises, scars, three kids, alcoholism and drug addiction.

Martin Bell and his wife have come back to find and film Tiny for two episodes of NIGHTLINE, ostensively to update her progress just like they did when she was twenty for TINY AT TWENTY, but more to the point, to plug their new movie AMERICAN HEART. But Koppel and co. decide to spend all their time on Tiny and dub the two nights of interviews and footage STREETWISE IN SEATTLE.

Before Tiny sits down with Ted, we see her in various states of depression and disrepair. But the motel scene, with Tiny crying and swearing like an old black whore "He just hung up on my face. I'm just about to fuckin' lose it" at Mary Ellen, Martin, the ubiquitous film crew and, on the phone, one of her kid's fathers, proves the meat behind the motion. Tiny rants and shakes and cries and Mary Ellen, lovingly, vacantly, pats her down with solid advice for a twenty-four year old piece of drug addled white trash street beef:

> "It's tearing you apart, you can change that, you got the best kids in the world, you love them, remember when we first met you had so many hopes and things that you wanted, you gotta make those things happen yourself" etc. etc. etc.

Tiny reminds Mary Ellen about the drugs, the scars on her body (Tiny has deep self-abuse gashes on her arms and neck, along with the bruises and needle marks), the mess she's made of her and her kids' lives. Mary Ellen tells Perhaps Tony should give us some more information.

But, we are made to understand that the thoughts and memories are too painful to pick apart, the realities too graphic, the actions too base and explicit to recount. However, we do know:

> "They discovered I had fifty-four badly healed bones. I had an advanced case of syphilis (...) it had already begun to take it's toll on major organs in my body."

and

> "I'm haunted by the flashback of Jake relieving himself into my body the way a drunken sailor uses a toilet, recklessly, vigorously, and savagely. The worst consequence of his actions is not the AIDS wreaking havoc in my body, but the indelibly damaging words that he spoke, and the cruelty from which he derived so much pleasure. I remember Jake and my father doubled over with laughter because I was too unsteady to stand up straight."

At the time of publication, Tony still lives, though he lost a leg to amputation and "steady-dates" an oxygen tank. His real parents are in jail over the abuse charges brought by Tony and his new parents -but we learn nothing about the arrest, trial, or even personality. No motives are discussed. Just off-hand comments about the pain that Tony